

# RADICAL SPIRITUALIST.

TERMS: Free to the OUTCAST: To the Able and Willing, 50 Cts. a Year, in Advance.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIOS:

ANGEL VOICES, PEARLS OF FRIENDSHIP, CORRESPONDENCE,  
EXTRACTS; PUBLIC, PRIVATE, OLD, NEW.

### A Week in New York.

You ask me, dear M., how I like New York. My impressions are so varied that I can hardly decide for myself. You could not expect that one so in love with the country as your rustic sister, would have a just appreciation of the great city. That I was deeply impressed with the grandeur of gigantic, towering edifices, which we visited, I will admit. Strange thoughts passed through my brain as we rode through Fifth Avenue and Broadway, witnessing walking dry good stores and all the paraphernalia of city fashion and display. Alas! how painful was the contrast as we stepped from Broadway into that HADES of the Western Continent—"FIVE POINTS." Oh, what degradation, wretchedness and misery! Do these squalid and pitiable specimens of human beings belong to our common humanity? I asked. Faith and hope seemed almost to shut their tear-dimmed eyes, as my question went out upon the unconscious air. But the Angel of Love, that bright spirit of mercy, came close to my side, and whispered softly in my ear, "These are ALL our Father's children, and the germ of manhood and womanhood lies down deep, deep beneath all this squalor and wretchedness." I was glad that the angel whispered hopeful words, still, I could not wholly shake off the feeling of despondency which had fallen, like a dark pall, upon my spirits.

We visited "Central Park," where there are two thousand men daily employed in laying out, and beautifying the grounds. This Park is to cover a great many acres. It is designed as a "breathing place" for the great Metropolis. Here the poor, as well as the rich, can enjoy the beautiful in nature, and breathe the pure air of heaven. We ascended the "Tower," from which we had an admirable view of the outstretching city. It was an imposing sight, and one that we shall long remember. The drives through the Park are very beautiful.

One fact which I observed in the city, disturbed me exceedingly—the advertising of "Spiritous Liquors." From the most magnificent saloon down to the dirtiest looking shanty of the Five Points, we saw "LIQUORS FOR SALE." The wealthy classes, through the power of capital, furnish the poison that converts men into demons, and the city provide a "Police" to "keep the peace"! "O, consistency! thou art a jewel."

On Sunday, we attended Henry Ward Beecher's church. It was certainly a curiosity to behold an assemblage of three thousand people, in one building, besides many who were standing around the doors. I was not particularly impressed with the eloquence of the speaker. I have heard as fine discourses fall from others' lips; and I have often felt more inspired in listening to some uneducated young girl, as, under the influence and guidance of spirits, she entranced the audience by her inspired eloquence.

On Monday evening, following our visit to Mr. Beecher's church, we attended "Laura Keane's Theatre." We hardly know which (Theatre) impressed us with the most solemnity! Both were amusing and instructive. The scenery at the Theatre was grand and imposing. Of the Orchestra, I must fail to give an accurate description. It seemed to me, at times, more like the music which I have fancied reverberating through the upper spheres, yet not quite so harmonious. Miss Laura Keane is the sole proprietor and manager of this Theatre. Her character is unimpeachable. Last winter she realized, from one play, only ~~£~~ Sixty thousand dollars. The play had a great run. I think it was called, "THE AMERICAN COUSIN." The energy and business tact of this young woman shows what a woman can do. She is a fine actress—having been familiar with theatre life most of the time from childhood. Many of the women "do business on their own account," a feature in city life which pleased me much.

I noticed another fact which made a favorable impression on my mind. Most persons seemed to mind their own business, a characteristic which many small villages would do well to imitate. I think I could have worn the Reform dress with much less inconvenience

TRUTH, LOVE, WISDOM.

than in many country towns. Mrs. Grundy would certainly have her hands full, if she attempted to criticize the dress and manners of the moving throng on Broadway.

Perhaps the strongest impression left on my mind was the appearance of the little children, who, from their puny looks and meagre forms, told me at once a tale of privation and want. You will see, early in the morning, young children, and many grown persons in the streets picking old rags from the sidewalks and out of the gutters. I could not live in the city, without shutting up my heart, and crushing out the finer sensibilities of the soul.

On our return homeward we stepped on board the steamer "Commonwealth," one of the largest and finest boats on the Sound. None but those who have enjoyed a sail upon the "deep blue ocean," on a "moonlight night," can form any just conception of the grandeur and beauty of the scene. On leaving New York, we passed several romantic Islands. Blackwell's I noticed particularly, and thought of the palpitating hearts which throbbed beneath those grey, massive prison walls—*hearts famishing, perhaps, for love, and the "milk of human kindness."* At the "midnight hour" I went out upon-deck, and was humbled by the magnificence of the scene. Never did the power and omnipresence of Deity impress me with more awe than at that hour. "Surely God reigneth!" I mentally exclaimed. The swelling billows seemed full of Voice and Spirit, and I there bathed my tired faculties in the baptismal dew of deep old Ocean's surges. As the cooling spray sprinkled my aching forehead, I thought of the many human forms that were sleeping beneath the restless waves.

But there was one thing which greatly disturbed my vision of the sublime, and that was the ascending clouds of tobacco smoke. Let me go to what part of the deck I would, I was sure to inhale the odors of the noxious weed. Several times I was forced to take refuge in the close air of the lady's cabin, in consequence of being so thoroughly smoked. I shall be glad, if the time ever arrives, when no man will have the presumption to smoke people without their consent.

Our thanks are due to our dear sister, Mrs. Abbie G. Comstock, (with whom our readers are already acquainted) and husband, who contributed much to our enjoyment in the city, by introducing us to scenes and objects familiar to them, but new to us. We also mention Mrs. Abbie H. Price and husband, whom we also visited. Mrs. Price is somewhat known in the literary world, and is perfectly at home when conversing of her favorite authors, J. G. Holland, Walter Whitman, Henry James, etc. The visit was a literary as well as a social pleasure, and we shall long remember their generous hospitality.

But we are again in our own New England home—a home dearer to us than all other spots on earth—dearer because the friends we love so well cluster around the familiar fireside—wiser, we think, for having come in contact, for a little season, with a portion of this great moving world. H. N. G.

HARRIET N. GREENE: Having, a few days since, met with a few of your papers, and being well pleased with them, I feel it a privilege to let you know that I am a bold advocate for Truth, Justice and Mercy. I rejoice that the day has arrived when the truth can no longer be covered by error, ignorance and superstition.

Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. And the promise is, to the poor, the lost, and forsaken. He says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If you take him for example, you will not be discouraged.—C. L.—Oct. '59.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER: Long ago did I propose to write to you, but many and urgent were the circumstances which prevented me from doing so. I wanted to thank you for your kindness to Mr. M. Your affection seems truly to be the affection of a Brother; and I can assure you it is appreciated by us. I was very glad to receive that paper which contained remarks on your poetical production—(The Angel and the Bigot)—hope you will send me a copy.—*Angeline.*

WENT TO HEAR SALLY HOLLEY speak upon Anti-Slavery . . . at the Universalist Church. She seemed "girt about with the whole armor" of humanity in behalf of the suffering slave—told the people in whose desk she stood, that they were not Christians—only pretenders! To make good her assertion, told them that she knew the whereabouts of five fugitives, but feared to inform them, "because," said she, "you would, some of you, send them back to bondage!"—S—.

BROTHER: Cast aside those clouds. Think not that you are "doing nothing." Know you not that the silent work is often the most effectual?—E.

BROADWAY [N. Y.] is certainly a great wonder. It is called, I believe, the finest street on the continent. Any pleasant afternoon you may see a moving tide of people; often the sidewalks are completely blocked up. In the evening it is illumined with a perfect flood of gas light, and the people all seem to be hurrying along as if their lives depended on reaching a certain point. Indeed, the only loiterers seem to be that unfortunate class of females, who are lost [apparently] to all sense of self-respect. They are easily distinguished, no matter how respectfully dressed, by their leisure motions. They do not care to stop, for the policemen have an eye upon them; but they will occasionally turn down an obscure street, and, if no one follows them whom they hope to please, they will soon make their appearance again on Broadway."—A. G. C.

Several poems, good in sentiment, but defective in meter, we would gladly print were it not for our limited space and the press of other matter.

"It takes a good many shovels full of earth to bury the Truth."

# Stories, and Voices to Youth.

## I will take the Whipping for Him.

It is our custom at evening prayer to hear the children [at Five Points] repeat the verse of Scripture each one (adults and children) is required to learn during the day. On this evening two of the boys were very unruly, and were ordered to stand up, for correction after services were ended. When the time came, the two were called down to the Superintendent's chair, and after some conversation, it was decided that they must receive three blows on the hand, administered with a small strap of leather about as broad as a child's little finger.

At the time the boys were called down, a little girl, a favorite with Mr. B. came from her seat, and stood beside his chair, with her little hand resting on his shoulder. Just as the sentence was about to be executed, she said:

"I know it was wrong, sir," said she, "but *that* boy don't know any better," and she pointed to a lad who was indeed rather half-witted, a poor piece of human flesh-wood, not good for much.

"Well, Nellie, you are right there; he don't know much better, and for your sake I will spare him. Take your seat, my lad. Now, Brown, hold out your hand."

"Oh! you won't whip him, will you, sir?" said the little intercessor, with a pleading voice.

"Why not, Nellie?"

"Oh! because you let the other one go," said the dear little special pleader.

"My dear," said the Superintendent, "that won't do. I let Sammy off because he did not know any better. But Brown is a sharp lad, and he knew he was doing wrong. I think he deserves to be punished."

"Oh! no, sir, don't," cried Nellie.

"If I let this lad go now, all the children will learn to do wrong, hoping that some one will beg them off. Besides, the boy does not say he is sorry, nor promise to do better."

"But, sir, he will do better—I will promise that he will be a good boy for a month; if you forgive him this time."

"For a month! Why, my dear, I should forget all about it, and so would he, and so would you; it is too long."

"Well, for a week then. If he is a naughty boy, I will take the whipping for him."

"You will! Want? be whipped on this little hand, if Brown is a naughty boy?"

"Yes, sir, he *will* be good. You will let him go, won't you, sir?"

"What do you say, Brown?" asked the Superintendent, turning to the lad. "Shall I take this little girl as security for you, or whip you now?"

"Whip me!" said Brown promptly. He evidently was touched, and had no desire to cause another to suffer for his fault.

"Well said, my son, well said! But you may take your seat; and don't forget that if you are naughty, and deserve to be punished, I shall whip this little girl's hand, as much as you deserve. You would not like to see her suffer! Then be careful."

The lad went to his seat, sorry for the first time in his life that he did not get a whipping.

"Now, Nellie, remember, if I have to make Brown

stand up for misconduct, and he deserves to be punished, I must whip your own hand, just as certainly as I would whip his."

"Yes, sir." Then after a moment's pause, the little one, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, continued: "But, sir, you would *not* whip me *very* hard, would you?"

For the week to come, no boy in the House was more attentive and quiet than Brown. Not a sound nor a fault was discovered in all the time. When the week was ended, the Superintendent called the little surety to his chair, and asked:

"Well, Nellie, the week is up. What sort of a boy has Brown been?"

"A first-rate boy, sir," and her eyes sparkled, and her face was all aglow with delight.

"Well, my child, you are free, and Brown has learned a better lesson than a hundred whippings could teach him."—B. R. BARLOW.

## —Five Points Monthly Record.

THE PHONETIC ALPHABET consists of the common alphabet, excepting *x, c, and q*, together with the following new letters, whose sounds are denoted by the italics below them:

|       |      |     |      |       |      |     |      |        |
|-------|------|-----|------|-------|------|-----|------|--------|
| Ee    | Ee   | lla | Aa   | Aq    | Go   | Oo  | Oa   | Uu     |
| eve   | earl | ale | air  | art   | all  | ode | ooze | aspe   |
| whoop |      |     |      |       |      |     |      |        |
| fi    | Go   | ss  | Uu   | Co    | It   | dd  | Es   | 33     |
| ice   | oil  | our | dupe | ehant | thin | the | she  | vision |
| rip   |      |     |      |       |      |     |      |        |

U western preger, after statip dat te, kofe, sugar, spisez, pikiz, prezervz, milk, mel, snuf, and tobako wer adulterated, streot himself up to hiz fal bit, and wid grut emfasis, eksklamd: "I flo, den, wil denj de fakt dat dis iz a wiked and adulterus jenorafon."

U frend ov min told me he wuns overherd to fin fafonabl-lukip getiz, just kum from sum grut skal, sa tu wun anuder, on seip a bot aproq de fin at Kalkuta, konstant to yelo-lukip ordinarin penl. "I flo qr doz old kwizez. Hwot an antediluvian kupl!"

Hwen, tu dar horor and disma, de despizd kupl kland de ga yup ladiz az dar children.—U Ladi'z Eskap from Gwqllor.

"Sali, sed a yup man tu a danzel hon had red har, 'kep awa from me or yo wil set me afir.'"

"No danjer ov dat," woz de anser, "yo qr to gen tu burn."

Te Skwir ov de Saventn Word ov Sinsirati resenti mad h:z anqul return tu de Odlitor, after de folcip fafon, verbatim et literatim, et pupktuatim:

"Returns—the state of Ohir vs. John Rausher, october 1858 sellin sputius (spiritous) Liquor on the first day of the Week ealed sunday, finde \$10. J. Kunkle pled guilty to salt and batre."

De sam ortografer spelz (maliciously) "mele-shes-ly."—*Commercial*.

Dis iz az bad az de storiz told or bakwardz legal jentimen. We dont no, reali, hwic iz most tu blam for sng ofisal ignorans, romanik speliz, de karlesnes ov de individual, or de poklesnes ov wotter he qnz dem for dar wurk. Serten it iz, hwover, dat de fonetik sistem iz de remedi.—Tip ov de Tjnz.

"My Little Children, love one another."—JOHN.

# Radical Spiritualist.

HOPEDALE, DEC. 1, 1869.

## ANTI-SLAVERY AND PRO-SLAVERY SPIRITUALISM.

THE OPPRESSOR'S RAILING APOLOGY.

We copy the following from the *Christian Spiritualist*, verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim. We have no apology to make for the accompanying notice of that pro-slavery sheet, which appeared in our last No. We noticed its revival in obedience to a general request of its editor, appending our honest criticism, with naught "set down in malice." We trust our readers will be just and generous, and give what is due to Mr. Andrews, to the Southern slave, and the "poor Northern OPERATIVE."

### The Christian Spiritualist.

This journal, suspended for a time, again comes to us. It is published twice a month, at Macon, Ga. \$1.50 a year. Edited by L. F. W. Andrews, who also conducts the *Georgia Citizen*, in one number of which we notice four advertisements for runaway slaves. In the *Spiritualist* we read, "Of course we can have no argument on the question of abolition in these columns." In the same No. Mr. A. also notifies his readers that Miss Emma Harding writes him that she will "take pleasure in passing through Macon on her return North," and we infer that this bland follower of Jesus, with his pro-slavery friends, will also "take pleasure" in hearing her speak. Is it not wonderful how spiritualistic lecturers can pass through the fiery furnace of the South, from New Orleans to New York, without a hair of the head being singed? However, it may be explainable on the supposition that they are surrounded by a kind of spiritual "aroma," which protects their persons!

We wish Mr. Andrews good only; but while, in the name of Jesus and Spiritualism, he virtually stands with his iron heel on the palpitating heart of the slave, we must be faithful, and call him by his true name. We notice that he copies an "unexceptionable" article from the *RADICAL SPIRITUALIST* without credit—an oversight perhaps; yet, if a man can innocently steal his own brethren, or which is the same—support the system—he need not blush to copy from our paper, though he were ashamed openly to notice it.

Now, Brother, frankly, you are not truly a free man. That is, should your convictions impel you, you would not be free to write a line in behalf of the colored man's liberty. If your convictions do not thus impel you, will you yet support and encourage a public sentiment in which others' convictions are trampled? If not, will you oblige your plain-spoken friend by copying this article in your next? We shall see.

To a little 8 by 10 paper, called the "Radical Spiritualist," published at Hopedale, Mass., by B. J. Butt, & H. N. Greene, we are indebted for the above "special notice" of our humble self and the cause advocated by

this paper. We publish this entire, to show our "plain spoken friend" that we are not afraid to let our Southern Spiritualists see any thing which they may have to say, on the subject of our "peculiar institution." We have also another reason for giving place to the foregoing. We wish again to remind the Spiritualist, South, of the necessity there is for giving a liberal support to the only paper in the Southern States which is specially devoted to the elucidation and defence of the sublime Spiritual Philosophy. With one or two exceptions the Spiritual papers of the North are more or less tinctured with the peculiar fanaticisms of that section. They advocate, under the name of "Spiritual Reform," many other "isms" which are degrading and demoralizing, and that have no possible connection with the great truth of spirit communion, between the present life and the life beyond. Under the sacred name and panoply of Spiritualism, "Free Love" abominations, woman's rights, masculinity, and bold infidelity, have, each, their zealous advocates and prepaudists. Hence, if we, of the Sunny South, wish to be free and remain free from such contagious pestilence—worse than the most miserable aspect of slavery, that the sun ever shone upon—let us build up one Journal at least, that will be able to speak the words of "truth and soberness," to the misguided fanatics that are disposed to crush us with the iron heel of their de potam—and that will dare to tell all such self-conceited gentry as conduct the "Radical Spiritualist" that we need none of their gratuitous advice, and when we seek for "more light," we feel abundantly able to choose our own instructors!

To the foregoing article we have to reply lastly—that it must have been an old copy of the "Georgia Citizen," in which the "Radical" saw four advertisements of runaway slaves. Such advertisements are very rare with us—nor do we recollect of having published any such for a year or two past, because of the fact that the slaves are generally too well content with their lot to run away! We have no scruples, however, as to such advertisements, nor any apology to make for inserting them in the *Georgia Citizen*, which is a political secular paper and not a religious one.

Of course, the "bland followers of Jesus," South, will take pleasure in hearing Miss Harding discourse on Spiritualism—and any wonder there is about the matter, is that the people of the North can be so imposed upon by such teachers as these "Radical" men, to believe that the South is nothing better than a "fiery furnace" wherein to burn strangers who may chance to pass through our borders. No doubt half the people of New England are led to believe all the "blood and thunder" stories told of the habits and customs of the Southerners, but we can assure Mr. Radical that we keep no furnaces heated for any but such scoundrels as Ossawatimie Brown, who visit us with the purpose of promoting a servile war in our midst, and the massacre of innocent women and children! Of this take due notice, my dear sir, and govern yourself accordingly.

To the charge that we "in the name of Jesus and spiritualism," virtually "stand with an iron heel on the palpitating heart of the slave," we plead not guilty. It is a false insinuation—basely and malignantly false—and we venture to say that we can find more iron heels upon the palpitating hearts of white men, women and children, in any little Yankee Factory village of the "radical" North, than can be found a parallel to, in the whole length and breadth of the South. The hearts of the slaves may "palpitate"—but it is the palpitating of heart-felt joy and freedom from all earthly care. It is the outgushing of hearts, full of animal life and natural music, incident only to those who in sickness and health,

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—WASHINGTON.

in youth or in old age, have been placed by a kind Providence in a condition where they are sure of kind treatment and affectionate oversight all the days of their pilgrimage, whether they can make any suitable return for such blessings or not. They feel and know that they have got *masters bound to them for life*, and they emphatically are the only *truly free* people amongst us—taking no thought for the morrow, nor caring a *sou* *marke* for the expense!

As to copying without credit from the Radical we know nothing. We may have done so, but if we did, it was a mistake which might occur without any suspicion, in an *honest mind, of intentional stealing!*

Now, Bro. Radical—you pride yourself on being a *free man*. If you are one, why not show it by taking up the cause of the poor *white slaves*, of your own section, who toil, from the early age of five, till three score and ten, to keep soul and body together, and many of whom find a home, at last, in the poor-house or in the grave. Why not denounce those lordly capitalists who are coinng their millions out of the hearts' blood of the poor operatives! Permit us to say, in conclusion, that when you have swept all the iniquity and wretchedness and slavery, both of mind and body, entirely away from round your own doors, and throughout your section, not forgetting the stew's of "Five Points" and the kennels of South street, then, you will be better prepared for shooting long-bows away down here, where there is not the smallest possible occasion for your philanthropic services, and where even all *niggerdom* would hold you in sovereign contempt.

One word, more Mr. Radical. If you are *not* in servile bondage to the public opinion, of your section you will please show it by giving this our reply, in full, in your paper. "We shall see." Good bye, beloved censors. As Uncle Toby said to the fly—"Go poor d—!—there is room enough in the world for thee and me."

## Notes on Spiritualism.

### IV. WHAT DO THEY COMMUNICATE?

1st, The FACT of a future life—the greatest fact in history, and greatest in its results.

2d, That THERE IS NO DEATH. This is a new doctrine. None of the sects have announced it. It is original with Spiritualism. The Church announces graveyards and ghosts! But Spirits demonstrate that there is no death—body and soul *renew* forever.

3d, Spiritualism comes as a HEALER. In its presence the College of Medicine is abashed; because it does not reveal and remove causes—locates disease in the body, and there applies its gross remedies—mineral poisons! while the real disease is in the Spirit—to which Spiritualism applies its refined remedies, magnetism, electricity, or spirit-influx, etc. The disease of the drunkard, or dyspeptic, is usually mental—in the organ of Alimentiveness, which is pressed with blood, or nervous excitability. Let that part of the mind be spiritualized by magnetic currents from the *upper brain*.

As a true physician, Spiritualism proclaims a higher mode of living—discouraging its mediums from the use of meats, and all undue animal or sensuous excitants. The spiritually minded will no longer marry pork and religion, or receive their inspiration from such eminently

sensual elements as tobacco, wine—or even tea and coffee. The serene, spiritual brain, rarely craves such stimulants. Yet, even the more refined classes of men and women, live almost exclusively in their appetites, whose exhilaration as it ascends, like the smoke of a holocaust; to the dome of the moral mind, they impiously call Religion! How different the true, Spiritual religion—clear, and unmixt with turbid appetite, or passion, as the all-inspiring glance of an angel's mind!

Spiritualism comes as a healer of insanity—conferring on media, more or less, the power—not merely to "cast out"—but to *heal* the "demons" or "evil spirits," when they possess the insane. In harmony with this superior wisdom—

4th, Spiritualism destroys that great world-tyrant—FEAR! Jesus had transcended this despot's rule—else he could not have cured the demons. He extended his right hand to greet them as brothers—from whom Fear, in all ages, fled as from fiery tongued serpents—satisfying its shallow philanthropy by calling them demons, or witches! Let gratitude ascend to the Father Divine, that the era is at hand when humanity, through Spirit-influx, is attaining an elevation of Wisdom similar to his who "went about doing good." ¶ That man I never name (except to his blind idolators) but with the deepest veneration—ever seeking a level with a soul that could "preach to the spirits in prison"—a power beyond the reach of Christendom, which flees from evil spirits—pale and trembling with Fear—calling it Religion!

To illustrate: A man pauses suddenly in a thronged street in London and gazes intently upward to the silvered sky till a crowd is collected: "Do you see," he says, pointing to the clear canopy, "Do you see *That Great Red Dragon*?" "Yes," say the psychologized people, "we see!" But there is no Red Dragon!

Now, friends, fear is no attribute of manhood—which cannot be made to believe that there is either "devil" or "hell" in mathematics, whose laws are God's. The school children never discovered them in chemistry, or botany. They can take a lump of the expurged lava of Vesuvius, which the ignorant peasant supposes to be the fiery tongue of an angry God—analyze it, and trace the primal causes of the eruption. Thus calmly will Spiritualism analyze Theology—from the cinders of its long generated ghennas gather into its infallible crucible—separating truth from error.

5th, PROGRESSION is announced by Spiritualism, and many are the "old folks," (and "fogies") who think their education finished—except committing psalms for heaven—who will find there is no getting rid of the demands of *all* their faculties for growth. The easy worldling can as well run away from his religious nature as the zealous revivalist from arithmetical progression; for we

When all other weapons fail, LOVE will conquer.

are all in a school, and must ascend through all departments. The Spirits are giving us a comprehensive alphabet. The common people are learning it and getting in advance of the professors.

Progress is a natural necessity. The body itself grows ceaselessly; even the slow motioned lobster asserts the law—exchanging his grosser for a new and more refined covering. Shall Man do less?

#### Letter from South Carolina.

Cross Anchor, S. C., Nov. 5, 1859.

EDTS. RADICAL SPIRITUALIST: Enclosed you will find Twenty-one Cents in stamps, for which you will please send me your paper, beginning with No. 8, and ending with Vol. I. I have just read No. 7, which came to the *Progressivist*; but as that paper has suspended, I presumed it would come no longer.

Our paper was too radical for this country, but it is hoped better times exist for the future. I like the manly spirit of your paper, but am inclined to think it would exert a greater influence, and do more good, if it was more mild in its teachings towards the institution of Slavery. I would not be understood as opposing any opinions entertained either for or against the institution; but I have learned that denunciation will not convince men on a subject which has able supporters, both for and against it. I believe that W. Lloyd Garrison has done more to perpetuate Slavery in the South than any man in the Union. You may ask, How can this possibly be? When all the States in common owned slaves, they discussed the policy and justice of the institution, and wisely concluded its inexpediency; and as soon as slavery had been abolished in the more northern States the people of those States commenced a tirade of abuse against the States of the South for being rather tardy in immediate action, though emancipation was gradually going on. Garrison established a paper on the borders for denouncing slavery and slave-owners; and this common outcry and abuse from without produced a contempt and exasperation among the Southern people which caused them to unite in a body against the sentiments of those whom they thought were encroaching on their rights; and since that time not another State has freed her slaves—which can be accounted for only by their united action against the encroachment of this sentiment which others endeavored to enforce upon them.

Granting slavery to be wrong we must, to accomplish the greatest good, deal with it intellectually, and not give way to the vent of a wounded conscientiousness. I think the most effectual way to revolutionize error is to convince the understanding of a people, and the majority will then act out that conviction.

I think the Spiritual movement, now so formidably at work, will be the means, by freely discussing and inquiring, of effectually eradicating error; and may the day soon come when harmony and love will be the ruling impulse in every immortal being.

Yours for Reform,

DIXON L. DAVIS.

#### REMARKS.

We regret that the *Progressivist* should be suspended, for while the fact may be an honor rather than a discredit to its editors, it affords a fresh proof of the power of the Overshadowing Oppression. Our new correspondent, the reader will observe, is one of its editors. He thinks we would do well to be more mild in our Anti-

Slavery teachings. Yet he must be aware that we are not at liberty to teach anything less than the Truth, which may not always appear very mild—especially to those whom it most concerns.

We think our friend evinces great oversight, or moral obtuseness, in his strictures on Mr. Garrison: To which we reply simply by asking, How deep must be the conscience of any community, which allows itself to be diverted from right action by the "tirade of abuse" of a single man, who begun his career of justice a mere printer-boy, in an old garret in the city of London? Alas! this favorite retort proves not so much the ability of Mr. Garrison "to perpetuate Slavery," as his power to reveal its weakness, and thus shorten its days, by extorting from it such a puerile apology as this—shallower than the baseless fabric of a dream.

As for abolition by States—I deny that the Northern people have ever in fact abolished Slavery. If they have, why should they join hands until this hour with Southern oppression? Our adviser suggests that Slavery should be looked at "intellectually,"—as if it was no more than a question of policy whether this country should tolerate a national brothel, in which prostitution and promiscuous sexuality are legalized, and marriage descends to "BREEDING!" The agony of one conscientious slave girl—exposed in a Southern "Slave-Pen" to the lecherous and iron grasp of the most horrid despotism the world has known, ought to put to infinite shame such irreverent trifling with the holiest instincts of humanity!

[We hope our readers will critically peruse the article from the fiery pen of L. F. W. Andrews, editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*. We know not whether we feel the most indignation at its wickedness, or pity for its weakness. Our time is too valuable to think of replying to such logic. We will only say, that we hope the hour will come when his heart (for a month, say) will palpitate with the same kind of "heart-felt joy"—that the same "affectionate oversight" will be manifested in his case, that is now so kindly proffered to the slave!]

H. N. G.

GERRIT SMITH INSANE. The telegraph brings the sad intelligence, that Gerrit Smith is insane, and has been taken to the Utica Asylum.—*Agitator*.

Query. Has the above any relation to the "Harper's Ferry insurrection"?

It is said that Frederic Douglas has suddenly been impressed to visit the Queen's Dominions. Are there any persons wise enough to divine the cause?

#### RADICAL SPIRITUALIST:

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"Machinery is never master of Inspiration."



## DYSPEPTIC'S CORNER.

WHAT SAITH THE BIBLE?—"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall you buy, and of their families that are with you, which they beget in your land. Ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them for a possession—they shall be your bondmen forever. But over your brethren, the children of Israel, you shall not rule one another with rigor."—Lev. 25th C. 44, 45, & 46.

We commend the above to those "higher law" brethren, of the vicinity of Hopedale, Mass., and elsewhere, who affect to be so horrified at the idea of the heathen of Africa being brought over to this Christian land and held to a life apprenticeship by Christian masters and mistresses—where they can exchange the primitive fig-leaf costume of their native Eden, for silks and crinoline, and make a grand splurge generally—in fashionable society of darkeydom! Go to, Mr. Radical, and do not be wiser than is written in the good book, with a "thus saith the Lord" to clinch the question in favor of the "peculiar institution."—*Christian Spiritualist*.

BARNUM is actually said to have offered Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated English Baptist preacher, £2,000 a year to come to America and make a lecturing tour. Mr. Spurgeon replied by writing simply, "Acts XII: 10," and sending it to Barnum. The verse reads thus: "O full of subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

AN IRISHMAN, who had just landed, said: "the first bit of mate I ever ate in this country was a roasted potato—boiled yesterday. And if ye don't believe me, I can show it to ye, for I have it in my pocket."

A COUNTRYMAN went into one of our fashionable refreshment rooms, and was surprised at seeing nothing on the table but cloth, knives and forks, and glasses. "What will you have?" asked the waiter. Giles stared like a stuck pig, and said, "I dun know."—"Would you like a bill of fare, sir?" "Thank you, I don't care if I do take a small piece."

An auctioneer exclaimed, "Why, really, ladies and gentlemen, I'm giving these things away." "Are you?" said an old lady. "Well, I'll thank you for that silver pitcher you have in your hand."

Many people who drop a tear at the sight of distress would do better to drop a sixpence.

The moment you raise a spirit of resentment in any mind, that moment you lose your influence over that mind.

A COUNTRY EDITOR closes his leader in this unhappy strain: "The sheriff is now waiting for us in the other room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic; we are wanted and must go. Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for! Heaven may forgive you, but we never can."

A RATHER SHARP Correspondent says: "Concerning the paper I am somewhat disappointed, not in its advocacy of principles . . . These are all there. What then is the trouble? you mentally ask. As E. sometimes remarks respecting her supply of literature, 'It is too weak, mother—not strong enough.' Yours is too Greene—therefore lacks the real strength of maturity. It is too much taken up with Love to the exclusion of Wisdom. But I suppose you think therein constitutes its wisdom. Well, I have no objection to your suiting yourselves, knowing full well that you cannot suit everybody. Though it is not of much use to me, I feel that money cannot be put where it will yield a greater interest.—S."

A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well, said the simple-hearted deacon, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

A FASHIONABLE DOCTOR lately informed his friends, a large company, that he had been passing some days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah," said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray in what terms?" "Why, as well as I can remember, nearly in the following: There were, last week, seventy-seven interments less than the week before."

It is said that once when Robert Hall was confined in an insane hospital while suffering under an attack of insanity, a visitor passing through one of the wards asked him what brought him there.

"What never will bring you," was Hall's prompt reply, "too much brain."

HOGG'S TALES. "Are you fond of Hogg's Tales?" said a rather verdant young lady to a shepherd.

"Yes, I likes 'em roasted, wi' salt on 'em," was the response.

"No,—but I mean have you read Hogg's Tales?"

"No," said the bumpkin; "our hogs are all white or black. I don't think there's a red one among 'em."

A FEW days since, a "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterwards, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa 'd get anuzzer house keeper—I've got tired seeing you 'round."

"ARE you the Judge of reprobates?" asked Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a Judge of Probate. "I am a Judge of Probate," was the reply.—"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died d-tested, and left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

☞ The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty is slowly and surely recovering.

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood.—W. WHITMAN.



[For the Radical Spiritualist.]  
The Child's Soliloquy.

BY MRS. ABBIE G. COMSTOCK.

I wonder where the bird has flown,  
That once upon our door-yard tree,  
In vesper hymn and matin song,  
Poured out its untaught minstrelsy.

I wonder where the butterfly  
Is resting now its golden wing!  
Where do the azure violets lie  
That blossomed by the mossy spring;

Where are the chaliced lilies fair,  
Which on the wave their censers swung,  
And on the still, soft summer air,  
Their mead of grateful perfume flung?

Our garden is deserted now  
By fragrant cup and floral bell;  
And even Autumn's gorgeous glow,  
Is withered by the mystic spell.

The brook that all the Summer long,  
Glimmered and gurgled by our door,  
Is vanished now, and hushed the song,—  
The thyme grows on the banks no more.

I watched a fleecy cloud one day,  
Up on the pure empyreal blue;  
For sure was I that sister May  
Looked out, and brother Willie too!

And yet I know it was not they  
For when the meek-eyed daisies died  
They faded too—Willie and May—  
And now they're sleeping side by side.

Where twilight shadows creep along  
The sere dead grass down in the dell,  
I sit and sing my evening song,  
And tell the tales they loved so well.

Oh, when the flowers again are here,  
And birds trill out their sweet refrain;  
Will darling May and Willie dear,  
Come back to light our home again?

Then when the days grow warm and bright,  
From morn till eve I'll watch to see

If Willie's face be yet in sight—  
If May's blue eyes can look on me!  
New York, Nov. 1859.

Religion, the Soul's Rest.

Who, that has long trodden life's uneven pathway, or been tempest-tossed on its billowy sea, but has longed for rest? The soul needs to pause in order to gain strength to fulfill its divine mission. Jesus felt this need when he ascended the lonely mountain, and communed with angelic visitants. There he gained power to overcome the evils which surrounded him. There—in the lone mountain—in Nature's hallowed sanctuary—did the humble Nazarene kneel, and commune with his Father in heaven. There his soul found rest.

If one so elevated found it necessary to seek prayer, spirit-rest and higher communion, how much more should we? The soul must become prayerful and meditative, before it can ascend the spiritual mountain. Beautiful theories, philosophic reasoning, poetic imagery, or spasmodic feeling alone, cannot attain the blissful height.

Who is able to stand alone? The feeling, sensitive spirit cannot. It is lost amid the vastness of the universe—until it hears the Father's voice saying, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Even the Atheist feels in his heart the need of the consolations of religion, as the following sweet, tender, but sad words of Mr. Holdreth, an English Atheist, indicate. He feelingly says:

"Stern indeed and strong must that heart be—if indeed it be not utterly callous and insensible—that has not at times, at many times, sighed after such a comfort. The strongest spirit has its hours of weakness, the most hopeful and elastic nature its moments of deep and hopeless depression. What comfort is theirs who in these moments can cast themselves on the ever-present arm of an Eternal Father, in calm reliance on his unfailing power and inexhaustible kindness! In the hours of loneliness and melancholy, when the heart feels itself, as it were alone amid a deserted universe, how enviable is their state who feel that they are not alone,—that with them and around them is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,—a very present help in time of trouble! To the laborer whose twelve hours' toil can barely suffice to earn bread for his suffering wife and sickly children; to the slave who sees before him no rest, no mercy, no escape but in the grave; to the lonely student on his solitary couch of sickness; to the starving and sorely tempted seamstress in her fireless and foodless garret; to the martyr of conscience in his dismal prison, or yet more dismal liberty; to the patriot exile, inclined almost to despair of the cause for which he has given all that was dear in life,—what happiness to turn from the harshness and the misery of earth to the Father which is in heaven!"

"And on the other hand, how hard seems their fate who have no such hope and no such comfort,—who must endure through life the hardships of poverty, the sorrows of obscurity, the misery of unbefriended loneliness, and must at last pass to their graves with the bitter thought, that they have lived in vain for others, and worse than in vain for themselves! Truly, it is no light, no easy matter to be, much more to become, an Atheist."

H. N. O.

The attitude of great Poets is to cheer up Slaves and horrihy Despoits.—WHITMAN.